heavy breathing, and the popping noise of greased dicks pumping in and out of tight holes. The creaking floorboards were aging with semen and sighs. Every now and then you'd hear a man hiss, "Work that pussy, bitch," as clusters of panting men gathered to watch an ass being fucked.

At that most historic spot downtown, where, on the corner of 14th and H, one could watch the parade of flesh all summer long, the quest for the perfect abuse was keen. Now the area is almost desolate of nightlife, the players scattered, the seekers scared to venture out.

I wait for my bus. Shortly before it arrives, two Black men cruise by. They appear to be in their thirties-forties. The shorter, stockier, fair-skinned, clean-shaven Homeboy has his arm thrown around the shoulders of the slightly taller, slender, darker daddy. The tall man is obviously older, mustached, and somewhat attractive. Homeboy carries a hustler's air about him. They swagger by, slightly drunk and horny. I am surprised when a few stops later they board the bus and sit at the back.

The bus crosses K Street and continues up 16th without incident. The seats fill quickly. By the time we cross P Street standing room is all that's available. A murmur begins to rise from the back of the bus. It explodes into a startling confrontation.

"You my bitch!"

"No! Uh uh. *We* are bitches!"

"No! You listen here. *I* ain't wearing lipstick, *you* are! I ain't no bitch! I fucked *you*! You *my* bitch!"

This argument continues without resolution until we arrive at 16th and U Streets. The bus is packed with passengers, and as we approach the stop, I see ten more waiting to board. Just as the first person at the stop steps aboard, a strident, hysterical voice cuts loose from the back:

"I'm a 45-year-old-Black-gay-man who *en-joys* taking dick in his rectum!" SNAP! "I'm not your bitch!" SNAP! "Your bitch is at home with your kids!" SNAP! SNAP!

We are entering the fifth dimension of our sexual consciousness. The ride is rough. There is no jelly for this. The driver is trying to call the police on the bus phone. No one has said anything. No one else attempts to board.

The air is charged with tensions unleashed from an ancient box of sexual secrets. The older man abruptly leaves by the back door. Homeboy follows. They have violent words outside. The children sitting at the front are wide-eyed and speechless. All the homosexuals on the bus have frozen. So have I. The driver is frantically calling the police. The older man suddenly pushes aboard wielding a Flash Pass with Homeboy in hot pursuit. The driver drops the phone and jumps between them. Homeboy pulls out a knife and waves it toward his companion.

"You gonna pay for this dick!" he sneers.

"I ain't paying for that tame shit!"

The children's heads snap back and forth during the ensuing shouting match as though they are watching a Ping Pong tournament and not two grown Black men giving high drama. In a stern voice the driver orders Homeboy to leave the bus. He backs down the steps, waving his blade, threatening to catch the Black gay man on the street and make him pay *dearly* for the dick he got. Homeboy is last seen stalking east on U Street with his glinting knife clenched in hand.

The bus pulls off and begins to climb 16th Street. Every homosexual on the bus is still frozen. So am I. The police never arrived. The children are quiet for the remainder of their journeys. So am I. Occasionally, a very nervous man, a very terrified schoolboy laughs out loud then subsides into silence. The 45-year-old-Black-gay-man who enjoys taking dick in his rectum rides the rest of the way without further incident. At the back of the bus he sits—his legs crossed at the knee.